FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A WONDERFUL LITTLE GIANT. I know a little giant, no bigger than a tack, Who can wrestle with a fat man, and throw him on his back; His knotted little muscles, almost too small to Could turn you topsy-turvy and hardly seem

to try.

To tweak the nose, and pinch the toes, and fill one full of woe,
Are jokes the midget loves to play alike on friend and foe.

sun. -Harold W. Raymond, in St. Nicholas.

A SILVER SPOON.

The Story Which Marred the Happiness of Two Little Girls.

Bessie and Edith were out in Bessie kitchen cleaning the silver spoons. That was Bessie's regular Saturday work; it was an understood thing that every week on that day she was to polish up the spoons nicely.

To-day her mother had gone to visit her aunt, and her friend, Edith Amos, had come over to help her keep house. The two little girls had been rather dilatory about their household duties; they had had a good many important things to attend to. Then the dinner for Bessie's father, and the clearing away, had been a large under-taking. It was late in the afternoon now, and they had just begun on the

Bessie rubbed the silver soap on the spoons and Edith polished them up with the chamois skin. Bessie was very polite about giving Edith the prettier part of the work. Suddenly Bessie took up a large, solid tablespoon and eyed it, and then Edith, impressively. "There's a story about this spoon, and you couldn't guess what it is," said she, mysteriously, Honest, fond little Edith stared up

at her. "No. What is it?" said she.
"Well, my great-grandfather was
married in this silver spoon."
"Why, Bessie Elliot!"

"He was.

"I don't know what you mean." I should think you might. I said it plain enough. My great-grandfather was married in this silver spoon."
"Now you're joking, Bessie. It's too bad of you to try to make me be-

lieve such things. "No, I'm not joking; he was, "Married in that spoon?"

"Why, he couldn't be married in a spoon; how could he? A man couldn't stand in a spoon. I don't believe a

"I don't care if you don't; he was." Bessie kept her face very sober. She loved Edith dearly, but occasionally she did like to tease her a little. Edith was such an honest, matter-of-fact little body, and took teasing so seriously.
She took this more seriously than

Bessie knew. She said no more about the matter and went on gravely polish-ing her spoons. When Bessie's mother the matter and went on gravely polishing her spoons. When Bessie's mother returned she took leave soberly and went home, a troubled, indignant look on her candid little face which betrayed every thing.

At last he went into grandma's room. Now, he and grandma were great friends. Many happy hours did he spend in her lap, hearing stories: and she called him her "blessed boy." returned she took leave soberly and trayed every thing.
"What ailed Edith?" asked Mrs.

Elliot, "I thought she seemed odd." "Oh, nothing," laughed Bessie, "only she's mystified over my great-grandfather's getting married in that

"Oh, she'll get over it, mamma."

The next day Edith did not stop for Bessie, as usual, on her way to school; she kept aloof from her at recess, too and never looked her way once in study

hours.

Bessie waxed indignant. "If she's a mind to show out like this about such a little thing, she can," thought she. And she was very sociable with the other girls, and returned Edith's neglect severely.

She grew inwardly uneasy as the days went on, and Edith's strange manner toward her did not change, but she said nothing. There was a good capacity for stubborn wrath in r childish heart.

"There isn't any sense in Edith's making a fuss over such a little thing," she kept saying to herself, and the words acted like kindlings to keep her wrath alive.

Both little girls were quite miserable they glanced furtively at each other, and were very friendly and lively with the other girls, so neither should think the other cared. But no new friendship could make up for the lost sweetness of the old one. Both spent many a lonesome Saturday. Probably Edith was the unhappier of the two over the estrangement. She was more sensitive, and her real or imaginary cause of grievance was greater. She worried over it a great deal, and it seemed somehow to her that the culminating point of her trouble was reached, one fternoon, when Bessie went above her in the spelling-class. Poor Edith fan-cied that she looked glad, though that was probably nothing but fancy, and she broke down completely. She laid her head on her desk and cried, after the spelling-class was over.

Bessie was more troubled and indignant than ever at that. "Now she don't like it 'cause I went above her." thought she, watching her: "and I don't see how I'm to blame for

school, nor the next. Then Bessie heard that she had the measles. If it had not been for this trouble between them she could have gone to see her, as she had had them herself.

as she had had them herself.

This occurred to Edith's mother on the Saturday after the little girl was taken sick.
"Why, Edith, Bessie might come over and see you to-day," said she.

wer and see you to-day," said

Then, in poor Edith's weakness and sickness, the long pent grief came out. "No, I don't want her....I don't want her. mamma," she said, and begun to

"Why, what is the matter?" said her

"Why, what is the matter?" said her mother, wonderingly.

"Bessie told me something that wasn't true, mamma, she did! I don't like her; it don't seem as if it was Bessie, any more. I can't help it."

"What did she tell you?"

"She-said—that her great-grand-father—was—married in a big silver spoon she's got. Oh, dear!"

"Married in a silver spoon!"

"Yes, she said so, and it couldn't be

true. He could not have been married in a silver spoon, you know he couldn't have, mamma. She said over and over that he was. Oh, I would rather it had been me that told a lie than

"Now don't fret any more, dear," said her mother, soothingly. "I think we shall find there was some mistake about it. Mrs. Amos went directly over to the Elliot's to investigate. When she returned, Bessie was with her. Bessie's eyes were red, and she ran straight in-

But he can do still greater things 'han make's big man squeal—
He can split a stone in splinters, or bresk a bar of steel:
He can shape the dripping caves'-drops into a crystal spoar,
And cluich the falling rain so hard, 'twill turn all white with fear:
He can chain the dashing river, and plug the running spout.
He can build a wall upon the take and shut the water out.

See this little giant cut and all. My great-grandfather was married in that silver spoon, and I'll tell the truth.

all. My great-grandfather was married in that silver spoon, and I'll tell you how right off. That silver spoon was made out of his silver knee-buckles. Don't you see now? He was married in the knee-buckles."

Edith's poor little mottled face changed, and she begun to laugh. "Im sorry, Bessie; I was real silly," said she said she

said she
"No, you weren't silly one bit,
Edith. See here, I'm going to make you
a promise: I'll never tease you again, as
long as I live, and I will always tell you things right square out. anybody takes every thing earnest like you, it isn't right not to talk every thing earnest to them. I've brought you over some beautiful jelly, Edith." Mary E. Wilkins, in Congregationalist.

A TERRIBLE BATTLE.

It Ends in a Glorious Victory Over Selfish-"A box, a box for Reeve and Marcia!" exclaimed papa, as he opened the mail from the North. "And all the way from Chicago, too, and from Aunt Emma, I do believe.

When the box was opened, there, in a nest of soft white cotton, lay two large eggs, ornamented in beautiful colors. And, wonderful to tell, these eggs had covers which, when lifted up, howed them to be full of sugar plum But these lovely boxes were very frail: and, in their long, rough journey, one of the covers was badly crushed. "Sister can have that; I'll have the

good one," said the little boy at once, He was looked at with surprise, for he had always seemed a generous little "My dear," asked mamma, "would

you do so selfish, so unmanly a thing as that? Go away, and think about

"I don't wish to think about it. I don't wish to think about it," he replied, excitedly, "I want the good one."

After that no more was said. He began to walk about the room, his face was flushed, and he looked very unhappy. If he chanced to come near papa, papa did not seem to see him, ne was so busy reading his newspaper. After walking awhile he went to the other side of the room where mamma was bathing and dressing his little sister. He was very foud of his mamma. When she was sometimes obliged to punish him, as soon as it was over he would say:
"Wipe my tears! kiss me!"

So now, when his dear mamma did not seem to see that she had a little boy any more, he was cut to the heart.

But now, alas! she was so busy with her knitting that she took no notice of

him whatever. This was dreadful! He climbed up a chair and sat down. grandfather's getting married in that silver spoon. I'm going to let her puzzle over it awhile, then I'll tell again his miserable walk. For nearly one hour did this little boy fight his You ought to be careful how you terrible battle with selfishness, until, at talk to Edith," said her mother, "she last, he could stand it no longer. He takes every thing so in earnest." pleasant voice:
"I will take the broken one; sister

can have the perfect one. "Then, when papa and mamma had kissed him, and he had rushed into grandma's loving arms, what a load of unhappiness was lifted from his heart. -Little Men and Women.

A Pretty Bird Story.

At the time of the great fire in Chicago, some years ago, a very pretty incident happened. A family living near the lake shore had a large number of pet birds. They had added to their parlor a long, narrow room, with glass windows reaching from ceiling to floor, for the pleasure of these feathered friends. People often stopped to see the pretty creatures fluttering about, to hear their songs, or watch them as they bathed. At daybreak the house was full of music. It was like a concert in the wildwood.

One afternoon, the week of the fire,

cloud of fluttering wings moved weari-ly up the street. Presently these homess ones caught sight of their happy cousins in the beautiful glass house. It gave them fresh courage. Some even tapped for admittance. It was a pititapped for admittance. It was a pful plea for rest and food, from the doubtless their kins-folk and acquaint ance. The ladies of the house, with-out delay, shut off the home-birds into what might be called their back-parlor. But through the glass door they could see all that went on. With eager could see all that went on. With eager eyes they noted every movement. Then, opening a window, they stepped aside, that the tired travelers might feel free to enter. Ready to drop from fatigue and hunger, they went in. Some would have fallen but for hands held out in welcome. They could not at once eat or bathe. They lay panting, grateful for rest and safety. There were perhaps twenty of them, and nearly all canaries. They had joined each other by the way, in this pathetic search for protecting love and care.

When these tander was farest had

when these tender wayfarers had rested, and ea'en supper, the home-birds—and there were nearly fifty of them—fluttered briskly in, with hearty greetings. It was charming to see what cheerful, nay, even tender, welcome they gave.

come they gave.

Fortunately there was a goodly store of bird-seed, and shelter was given to these plumy guests until other homes were found. were found.

This is a true story, for the some-body who writes it saw it ali. - F. P. Chaplin, in Our Little Ones.

-When I become acquainted in town and find one man universally abused and depreciated, I know right away that there is one enterprising business man in that burg.—Chicage Journal.

-Ex-Attorney-General Brewster is said to attribute his wife's death largely to over-work in discharging social de-

FOR SUNDAY READING.

LENTEN THOUGHTS.

The Christmas songs have died away,
The birthday bells are dumb.
And we with hushed and contrite hearts
To lenten service come.
The little Child of Bethlebem
The loving Magi sought
Is now the weary, lonely man
Whose own receive Him not.

A King: yet palaces are barred,
A Saviour; yet is spurned;
Redcemer, Friend! yet haughty hearts
Away from Him are turned.
He walks the earth in humble guise,
No crown is His to wear;
The meek and lowly are His friends,
And suffering ones His care.

In thought we follow where He leads,
By desert, bill and sea;
We see Him in the city's streets,
And paths of Gallice.
We'll tollow soen His patient feet
The way to calvary's height,
And feel again the shadow cast
By earth's most awesome night.

O Christ, whose birth we celebrate,
Whose death melts us to tears,
Whose burial we see with grief,
Whose Easter calms our fears—
We know not where we love Thee mosti
By cradle, cross or grave:
But only know we love Thee well—
O, Mighty One to save!
—Lillian Grey, in Good Housekeeping.

International Sunday-School Lessons April 18—The First Miracle... John 2: 1-11
April 25—Jesus and Nicodemus. John 4: 1-18
May 2—Jesus at the Well... John 4: 1-18
May 9—Sowing and Reaping... John 4: 27-42
May 18—The Nobleman's Son... John 4: 27-42
May 18—The Nobleman's Son... John 5: 5-18
May 30—Jesus at Bethesda... John 5: 5-18
May 30—Jesus Feeding Five
June 6—Jesus the Bread of
Life, John 6: 22-40
June 13—Jesus the Christ... John 7: 37-52
June 20—Jesus and Abraham
John 8: 31-38, and 44-59
June 27—Review. Service of Song: Missionary, Temperance or other Lesson selected
by the school.

OUR MASTER'S MEAT.

A Perpetual Feast Which All May Have

and Enjoy-Do Well and Live. Dependence for our happiness on others is the order of our life; but it is given to us to possess some resources in overselves, and entire dependence on others is a dangerous habit of mind. The Master had meat to eat which His faithful disciples knew not of, and all good men have like nourishment. Life is in some respects a nice balance between extremes. Here is one: to keep at equal distance from a starved independence on one side and an infantile dependence on the other Tne more common and the more wretched soul is he who depends for every satisfac-tion on the whims, caprices, accidents and vicissitudes of his social world. To live our own life-to have meat in ourselves—is a privilege of immeasurable value, and such a life is rich and fruitful when it is watered by the showers of grace and lit up by the light of Divine love; but we are under the moral law so completely that these fruits of inner life bloom and mature best in the conscience—in all those ongoings of the soul in which right-doing and right-being are the seeds of feeling and action. Christ's hidden meat was to do the will of the Father. Obedience fed Him, fidelity refreshed Him, pure conduct strengthened Him. The wear and tear of our inner life must destroy us if it is not compensated in the san way. In brief, we must have Christ's meat or we shall perish, and His meat is obedience, fidelity, purity. If we hav such food our souls will not famish merely because human honor or earthly rewards are denied to us. He who sits down with Jesus at this banquet need not sorrow because the world has neglected to invite him to its feasts

The truth is indescribably precious. A man may have a perpetual feast with the Master at the head of the table. In all poverty of worldly resource, he may draw upon the eternal treasury. It is an awful thing to despise such an opportunity, and prefer husks of pride to the bounties of eternal goodness. Even the prodigal son found a bad taste in the husks; all sinners have come to that bitter expe rience. There is only one joy for men, and that is Christ's joy, the joy of doing the will of the Father. There must be an evil spirit in us when we turn away from this satisfaction and try once more—as infinite millions have done before us—to gnaw some neurishment out of the husks of vanity. There is a Divine life in us when we can, like our Master, nourish our joys on the purposes which drive us forward in the paths of obedience. On what do we feed our souls? Let us ask ourselves the sources of our pleasures of the spirit. Take an inventory of your delights. Have you any which come from well-doing? Then you have a common bond with the Master. His wealth was all of this sort; He had no other, and yet He was the richest soul in the fellowship of our race. You never tried His way of happiness without satisfaction; other way ever pleased or profited you long. All the experience which runs parallel with that of Jesus is a happy experience; all other runs down inevi tably into decay and death. The years become too numerous; the delights of the flesh pall on the palate; strength succumbs to disease and death. This succumbs to disease and death. This life is only a show of life—galvanized, so to say, into spasmodic imitations of life, and relapsing into death when the strange concealed battery ceases to play upon the quivering fiesh. It is a fire in a stove which must always be replenishing, which no replenishing will keep burning very long. There is no hidden meat for the life which shall no hidden meat for the life which shall nourish it by self-feeding forces. It is a counterfeit of life, a parody on true vitality, a figure in which the shadow suggests by its shades the outlines of blessed reality. Christ's meat is the only true meat; it alone feeds the soul

and makes it self-sustaining.

The practical aspect of the matter is that the way of peace is to go about our duties in the expectation that they will yield us satisfaction; the best satisfaction. faction, the only sure satisfaction which we can get in this life. The feverish expectation that this one or that one is to make us happy, that worldly suc-cess is to bestow felicity, that earthly cess is to bestow felicity, that earthly honors are to abide upon us—such hopes are sure to be mocked and to crucify us in the end of the account. Right-doing is the royal highway of life. Right-living is the self-fed, self-sustained condition of the soul. The most of our desires—is it a hard saying?—are probably of fleeting character and importance. We get only to want more. We lose with biting pain less because we lose value than because we have so little of true inward values. The fire has gone out in the stove; we are not cold because it warmed us, but because we never were self-warmed and have lost the illusion of external warith. Nothing abides with a man and perpetually refreshes him but the Master's meat. The delusions play with us only because they deceive. We

with us only because they deceive. We shall never truly live except as we live in Christ, who is our life.

If we could all learn our Master's bieseed set of self-centered and self-

springing joy! If we knew how so live on duties done, crosses borne, hopes resigned and sorrows welcomed as the single of God; if we knew that true happiness is the reward, the wages, of duty, and that it comes of no other effort of ours, the disappointments, the jealousies, the heart-burnings, the discontents of the sick world would roll away from it like bad dreams and cloudy fancies driven before the wings of the morning—if we knew Christ's food and its abounding joy. Let us repeat: All who ever tried it were made happy; all who have tried the world's way of sin have had sorrows for their pains. Experience speaks clear. Our own, every man's experience speaks clear. Our own, every man's experience speaks clear. Our own, every man's experience speaks clear. That is allowed for one man here to de, and if I can do any good now.

Well, to go to the very beginning—You know I was inaccent then—My mother died whas in was oung, sir, and father, he married again.

My father was fond of good living. springing joy! If we knew how to live

RELIGION OF THE HEART.

The Necessity of Addressing the Con-sciences and Affections of the People.

Not all religion is of this kind. Sometimes it is severely intellectual, the mind-the brain-alone having any thing to do with it. A man is a scholar and studies the Scriptures and Scripture doctrine just as he studies Greek or mathematics, and he gives his assent to them and advocates them, but he rarely feels them. Sometimes it is sentimental. There is no thought in it. It rarely excites a real emotion, and it never extends to thorough understanding and moving of the will. Many people deceive themselves in one or the other of these ways, and in other ways equally deceptive, thus losing all the benefit of their religion, and failing to rightly commend it to others.

A man of this kind is often met with, sometimes officially by pastors, but more frequently in a cursory way, or as an inquiring disputant in the news-papers. He has some knowledge of the Gospel. In his library are many religious books, and he has read them. E'ther along certain lines, or more broadly, he has studied them, and he has certain opinions—possibly some convictions respecting theology and the evangelical faith. He can talk, and likes to do so. What this author has said and that; what he has gleaned has said and that; what he has gleaned from this authority and the other one—these are his topics. He is sincere. When he says he wishes to arrive at a knowledge of the truth he is to be believed implicitly. No one should doubt him. But if he keep up his habit, a knowledge of the truth will never be one of his achievements. He is seeking Christ solely with his intellect, or, at least, is depending on that; and, if he is not getting farther away from the Saviour, he is, at least, not getting any nearer, and is, therefore, wasting all his time and effort. If he could just re-member to let his heart rule in the whole matter, and teach his intellect, somewhat proud and constitutionally stubborn, to sit quietly by and wait, he

would sooner reach the new life he is asking about.
It is the address to the heart, therefore, that is the most successful in the fore, that is the most successful in the realm of religion. The preacher who succeeds speaks to the consciences and affections of the people. Whether they consciously wish that or not, they need it, and they will grow to want it, and then to care for nothing else. The pulpit that is at the head of all the Christian of the policy of the tian pulpits of the world is conspicu-ous in this direction. Christ is set forth day after day, not as one to be speculated about and studied as a great historic figure or dynamic Saviour, but as He who asks for the heart, and who offers to it whatever it needs for its peace and enrichment. "Speaking to the heart" is the title of one of Guthrie's books, and that kind of speaking is the forceful and fruitful kind for all

There are some people who never have a cheering word for the struggler. They make life just as hard as possible for all who are striving to do right. They never think of rejoicing with a poor sinner who has turned, and is trying to follow Christ; they only wonder if his conversion is genuine, and fear it is not, and wait in ley serenity to be sure of it before they lend a hand to help him in the new way. They never have really hearty words of com mendation for any one, however de mendation for any one, however de-serving the person may be. They say they are afraid of turning people's heads by compliments and words of praise; but surely it is much better to help people than to hinder them in life. Duty is hard enough at the best for most of us; and we need all the cheer we can get to keep us from dis-heartenment and failure. Now and then, to be sure, there is one who needs to be repressed, and for whom the chilling air of discouragement is really a tonic. False or indiscreet praise is always injurious. Too much help in struggle and difficulty is positive unkindness—often worse than none at all. Yet, with all these cautions, there is still large room for the simple ministry of ancouragement. simple ministry of encouragement; and certainly no one's true mission really can be to make life harder for others by suspicion, discouragement or hars criticism.—S. S. Times.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

-Cultivate steadfast patience in waiting hours.

-The silence of Scripture is ofter more instructive than the teaching of other books. — Trench.

-The best portion of a good man's life, is his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love. - Wordsworth.

Wordsworth.

—We may talk of our faith till the world's end, and if our faith do not mean obedience, we talk delusion. There is no way of entering on the path of salvation but one, and that is by forsaking sin.—Archdeacon Farrar.

by forsaking sin.—Archdeacon Farrar.

—It is really a great thing—the chief thing in the line of giving one a restraing in the line of giving one a restraing in all times of disturbance and peril—to have an abiding conviction that God knows what is best, and will do what is best; that He never makes a mistake concerning one of His children, nor ever falls to order and control all things for the good of His children. If one will only have this contiction without wavering, he has already learned in whatsoever state he is therewith to be content. If, on the other hrud, one is really in doubt whether a providential emergency in which he finds himself is to issue in good or in ill to him, his doubt is a result and is a proof that he fears that for once God has made a mistake in his case. And there is a good deal of this kind of doubting on the part of those who call themselves the children of God.—S. S. Times.

TEMPERANCE READING.

My father was fond of good living,
And liked a good glass of old wine;
And sometimes, when filling his glassful,
He'd just color the water in mine.
In that way the appetite started,
And many a time i would go
And take a siy slip without water,
When I thought the old man wouldn't kn

You see, in those days, total abstinence Wa'n't thought of, except with a smile. Most men took their bitters quite reg'lar. And every one once in awhile.
Well, by and by. I went to college:
A carcless, wild, reckless young man, I'd nothing like principle in me,
And that's where my wild oats began.

I was sixteen that fall, and if ever There's a time when a fellow's between The good and the bad, Lord and devil, That time's when he reaches sixteen; His principles then are not founded, No matter how well he's brought up; He thinks that he's almost a man then, And temptation presents pleasure's cup

In my room I kept all kinds of liquor—
Of course 'twas forbidden, you know,
But when a man hankers for whisky
Truth doesn't stand much of a show.
I had plenty of friends, always smiling,
And many and many a time
I ve seen them sit there at my table,
And drank to my heath in my wine.

We all swore most eternal of friendship;
They were all wild young follows like me
And 'twas always in my room they gathe.
When they wanted a bit of a spree.
But all the time trouble was brewing,
The faculty "pulled" me at last;
The boys, to save themselves, "squealed"
use. And my days in college were past.

"Twas about that time father went under;
He falled and lost all that he had,
And I was alone in the world, sir.
Do you wonder I went to the bad?
I couldn't go into a village
But the first sign I'd see was "Saloon;"
I always found there a warm welcome,
And a glass followed only too soon.

And many a time I have sat there,
 Half drank, and I've wished that I might,
 Just for once, have a good, cordial welcome
 In semebody's home there that night,
 Por you see, sir, a fellow gets lonesome,
 With no home except a hotel,
 And that is just where the saldons are
 The devif's side doors into hell.

It is useless to tell all the struggles.
The ups and the downs I've been through
But when a man falls, he falls farther
Than ever he thought he could go.
Sometimes I'd keep sober and steady
For months, but I always would fall;
And now I have got to the bottom—
I'm reckened the lowest of all.

You see, Government licenses dealers
To sell us the liquor, and then
They shut us up here in the prison,
If it makes us more demons than men.
They say they are going to prohibit
The keeping saloons in this State;
Well, there's thousands to come that it

to the facilities for the study of various social and industrial problems. The Massachusetts Bureau was established in 1869; but the bureaus in six of the fourteen States date from 1900 and 1884. It is to be hoped that other States will establish bureaus at as early a day as possible. It costs but early a day as possible. It costs but late Whisky. fourteen States date from 1883 and can gather, arrange and print in annual reports would be of incalculable value legislators, and to all students of so cial and economical questions. Much of the legislation which is being put upon the statute-books deals either directly or indirectly with such questions, and is too often based upon unsupport-ed theories rather than well-ascertained facts. No State can really afford to be without a Bureau of Statistics of Labor

without a bureau of Statistics and Industry.

We have been looking over the seventh annual report of the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries, and have been specially industries, and have been specially industries. dustries, and have been specially im-pressed with a chapter concerning the condition of wage-earners, and how it can be improved. The chapter is made up of passages from letters of individ-ual workmen and others, and is very interesting as well as instructive. We interesting as well as instructive. We quote some of the sentences, first as to the cause:

"Whisky and beer are the great obstahere."
"Intemperance is the cause of very mu
wretchedness in our families."
"The greatest evil is strong drink."
"Our morals here are low on account

"Many of the hands drink to excess." The liquor traffic has a bad effect trade."
"Strong drink injures a great many of us."
"Morality would be good except for drunkenness."
"Too large a portion of our wages go to the sellers of rum and beer."
"Drunkenness is the bane of the working

families."
"Drink is the working man's curse."
"Tobacco and liquor are a great injury
"Except for beer and whisky, we ar

"Rum does much to lower us."
"Working-men drink too much for nd."
Rum and beer are our great enemics."
Our condition is much lower than it should
This results principally from the use of
uor and from ignorance."
Much immorality—whisky is at the bot-

tom."
"Ignorance and intemperance are the chief causes which prevent us from improving."
"Intemperance is the great vice of the As to the remedy, the following suggestions are made.
"Laws prohibiting the manufacture of liquor would improve the men's condition."

ous localities. They are selected from numerous replies, every passage representing an individual. The views are those of the average intelligent working-man. They ask to be delivered from the curse,—N. Y. Independent.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING. The Device Adopted by the W. C. T. U. of Oakland, Cal.

The beneficent effects of agitating the question of teaching Temperance in public schools is not confined to the States waich have secured the scientific Temperance instruction law. Through efforts in this department the subject has been brought to the attention of parents and teachers all over the country, and this can not help being beneficial, for it has caused an arrest of thought upon a vital subject, and think-ing thereon has led to grand results. Thousands of children are being taught Temperance at their mother's knee, or in the family to-day, because the W. C. T. U. has educated the conscience of Christian parents along this line. In hundreds of schools the effects of alcohol and tobacco upon body, mind and hol and tobacco upon body, mind and heart are being taught because, through the same agency teachers have been convinced that, as employes of the State, to whom is, intrusted the training of its future citizens, they are in duty bound to teach those things which shall guard them against the worst foe threatening good citizenship.

In many schools outside the favored eighteen States this teaching is systematically done from approved textbooks. In others, where the introduction of text-books is not possible, ex-

books. In others, where the introduc-tion of text-books is not possible, ex-cellent work is done through oral les-sons, for which the teacher makes special and careful preparation with the aid of the best authorities. Again, much has been accomplished by plac-ing Temperance books of reference in school libraries, and encouraging teachers and pupils to use them. The latest device for introducing Temperance in public schools comes to us from California. The Oakland W. C. T. U. have published a set of arithmetical questions which are given to teachers to be incorporated with their class questions. We give a few from those designed for each grade. If they do not teach "scientific Temperance" they do set children thinking concerning the benefits of practical Tomper

ance:

1. There are 175,000 soloous in the United States, and 164,000 public schools: how many more saloous than schools?

2. There are about 000,000 drunkards in the United States. How many extess of 40,300 inhabitants each would these stunkards form?

3. (n.) If a family spends the cents a day for beer, how much is expended in 4 weeks? (b.) How many loaves of breads at 10 cents a loat, could be bought for the same meney?

4. (0.) A smoker spends 20 cents a day for cigars; bow many dollars with he spend in see-half a year? (b.) How many books at 82 apiece, could he buy with this money?

5. (n.) At 40 cents a gallon, what is a tamily sheer bill for 60 days, taking two-quarts daily? (b.) How many pairs of shoes at \$2 a pair, will this money purchase?

6. A young man, now 21 years of age, began to smoke diprottes at the age of 14, and smoked 10 cents worth daily. How many books worth \$2 a leach, could he buy with the money spent?

7. A bose man, seventy years of age, was

The keeping salcons in this State:
Well, there's thousands to come that it will save.
Sut for me, it's a life-time too late
"C. P. B.," (Des Moines, Ia...), in Chiesgo Interesting and Instructive Facts Gleaned from the Report of the New Jersey Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries.
Fourteen States have Bureaus of Statistics of Labor, the oldest being that of Massachusetts, which, under the management of a statistician of ability and experience, Hon. Carroll D. Wright, has contributed immensely to the facilities for the study of various

smooth in such worth \$1\$ each, could be buy with the money spent?

A poer man, seventy years of age, was sent to the almtaouse. Had be saved the money spent for tobacco slace he was twenty years of age, providing he spent an average of age, providing he spent an average of age, providing he spent an average of age, providing he spent an every years of age, providing he spent an average of ag

acre.
10. How many cylindrical tanks 8 feet is diameter, and 15 feet deep would it take to contain the 272,000,000 gallons of liquor con-sumed in the United States last year.—Union Signal.

"Yes. I know Schumacher, the oat meal king who has just lost his big mills by fire," said the Ohio passenger, "and an odder little man you never saw. He's a German, of course, about sixty years old, about as big as a grass hopper and just as lively, talks Dutchy and writes the most vigorous English hates whisky and beer as he does hates whisky and beer as he does a liar, and works sixteen hours a day. He came to this country as poor as a church mouse, started a little grocery and beer saloon, ran that awhile and then began making oatmeal by a handmill m his woodshed. Finally he sold his saloon, peddled oatmeal and farina from a hand-cart, which he wheeled about town himself, and in thirty years built up the largest factory of that kind in the world. He world hire a about town himself, and in thirty years built up the largest factory of that kind in the world. He won't hire a man in any capacity who drinks whisky or even beer, and has about him several hundred employes who are mostly German, and, strange to say zealous prohibitionists like himself. He once brought over from Germany a workman who was master of a new process. This man came under a two years' contract at a large salary, his years' contract at a large salary, his expenses being guaranteed. The sec-one day after he began work Schu-macher learned that he was a beer-drinker. In two hours the workman drinker. In two hours the workman left the mills, never to return, and with a check for nearly five thousand dollars in his pocket. This was the price Schumacher had paid for upholding his principles and enforcing his rules down to the very letter."

"A few weeks ago," said a drummer, "I told you a little story about Schumacher, the Ohio oatmeal King who has just been ruined by a fire, sacrifichand.

macher, the Ohio oatmeal King who has just been ruined by a fire, sacrificing several thousand dollars rather than break his rule of refusing to employ a man who drinks liquor. Since then I have been in Akron and seen the ruins of Schumacher's great mills. A few days after the fire two men from Cincinnati called on Schumacher. They said that they had heard that in the cellars of the mills was a vast quantity of grain damaged by smoke and water, and they had come with the intention of buying it. The matter was talked over, and a bargain finally struck. The men drew their check for the purchase price, a sum running the purchase price, a sum running into the thousands, and were just about to hand it to Schumacher when one of them happened to remark that they would be able to make a good deal of whisky out of that grain.

"Do you want this grain to make whisky of?" inquired Schumacher, stepping back a few feet.

"Yest we are distillers in Cincin-

Yes; we are distillers

Then, gentlemen, you can not buy grain of me. I have no grain to to be made into whisky. Good-

good for distillers' use, Schuma gave every bushel of it to team expressmen, draymen and poor i lies keeping cows, to feed to their on condition that they would be awy,"—Chicago Herald.



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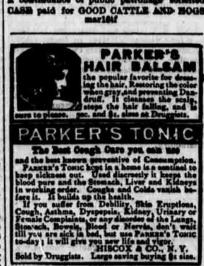
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